

Southside Playaz f/ Lil' O

"Rules"

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[Intro]

Count my money, party with bitches
Hundreds and fitties, big ass titties
Count the green, get in between those titties

(*talking*)

I lay mine down at the do', huh

[Hook - 2x]

Me and my niggaz, we got rules with these bitches
(don't let em know your hand, putting em all in your
bidness)
They ain't that special ass, but provide twenty bitches
(and keep your mind, on your motherfucking riches)

[Mr. 3-2]

These broads be bopping club hopping, trying to see
what they could get
I know before a trick, trying to come up I fit
Business and pleasure don't mix, with Mr. 3-2
I'ma smash and pass the ass, to my partnas when I'm
through
Who's fucking who, behind closed do's
Real playas get chose, and keep they mind on papo'
24/7 around the clock, it don't stop
I bust a nut and burn out, conversation is all I got
These bitches plot and scheme, running con game
On any motherfucker, that they seeing having change
The fortune and fame, is far from the love potent
Better play it like it go, cause these girls is cut throat

[Clay-Doe]

What I don't need to hear, is a bitch that just gave up
Her face and rear, in my motherfucking ear
Last year was last year, hoe it ain't the same
Your pass main thang, to fuck off your brain
I'm ahead of the game, that these tricks be playing
Crushing ass in a van, I feel shit you saying
Like this dumb bitch, that use to talk a bunch of shit
Trying to come up, but all she got to do is lunch with it
Planted my fists, laws with these fucking drawas and

jaws

Conversate her fun without, no stars and flaws
Clay-Docious game ferocious, coat dropper
Don't care if you a show stopper, I got nothing for no
bopper

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' O]

Fat Rat Wit Da Cheese, boy I rip up blocks
When I make my glock, hiccup shots
Niggaz be picking up they jaws, when a nigga come
pick up they cot
Take they main bitch, and split her twat
Hit her spot like ten men, that's why she dent in
And called her girlfriends, and had to mention
That that Lil' O nigga, he don't play no games
Like these other fraud cats, I won't say no names
Say cocaine, and watch boys say Lil' O
Got whatever hustlers need, from a brick to a O
I do my bidness old school, man you get it and go
Jackers get wet, from they head to they toe I said it
befo'

[Mike D]

Everytime you hit the pussy, bitches acting like you
warm
Put nothing past them nigga, trust em far as you can
throw em
I show em what I mob off, in a Escallade on 20 inches
If it ain't my main thang, pass em off to my niggaz
See I supply figgas, so game reco' game
On my toes like ballerinos, when dealing with dames
See you's a fool, if your main hoe chucking the puddy
And every nigga in the hood, distributing cookies
And y'all rookies got these hookies, so far in your mix
On how you break down bricks, and double up on thirty
six
Better act like you know, cause niggaz'll slide hoes up
under ya
Trade they ass for ya cash, and leave your dumb ass
pondering

[Hook - 4x]

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